KINK UNLIMITED—55 DEVIANT DOLLS SPLAYED AND SPRAYED



HUSTLER'S

TABOO®

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2012

NAKED PISS-PIT PET PLEADS, "GET ME WET INSIDE AND OUT!"

MAID TO BE BROKEN
HARD LABOR FOR A SLUTTY SERVANT

EXPERIMENT IN CRUELTY
SUFFERING SUBJECT PRIED FOR PROBING

TAIL-HOOKED TART
BOUND FOR BUGGERY

MASTER'S TORTURE DOLL SOUNDED, SHOCKED AND SHAGGED

RUBBER DOMINA'S ANAL PLAYTHING PACKED AND PURGED

SEPT/OCT 2012 $11.99

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LARRY FLYNT, *Editor and Publisher*
MICHAEL H. KLEIN, *President*
DONNA HAHNER, *Corporate Vice-President*
LIZ FLYNT, *Vice-President, Administration*

BRUCE DAVID, *Editorial Director*
LEE FORBES, *Creative Director*
ERNEST GREENE, *Executive Editor*
PHILIP SANGUINET, *Copy Chief*
M. WELCH, *Copy Editor*

Cris Devine, editorial assistant

TALENT
Juliane Kania, talent coordinator
To model in TABOO, call (323) 651-5400 ext. 7109
or e-mail talent@lfp.com

PHOTOGRAPHY
Ed Fox, Lightworship, Matti Klatt, Suffering4Art, Ken Marcus, Dave Naz, contributing photographers

Sean Berrios, supervisor of records and documents
David Carrillo, record keeper/film archivist

NETWORK SYSTEMS
Andrea Landrum, network systems director

PRODUCTION
Gina J. Lee, production director
Shannon Poe, production assistant

ADVERTISING
Mickey Puyda, national advertising sales director
(323) 951-7907, mpuyda@lfp.com
Wendy Camacho, advertising production coordinator

SUBSCRIPTIONS
subscription customer service (323) 651-2348

Gerry Awang, vice-president,
circulation & distribution

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TABOO Editorial

STRICTLY SPEAKING

Ernest Greene, Executive Editor

It's been a while since *Newsweek* put the idea of feminine sexual submission on their cover, regarding author E.L. James's trilogy of M/s romance novels beginning with *Fifty Shades of Grey*, but the controversy rages on. James's purple-prose narration of the love affair between a rather ordinary young woman and the madly handsome, fabulously rich and broodingly charismatic Master to whom she makes herself a willing slave has become a monster best-seller, optioned for the screen at a staggering price. The theories advanced for James's success are pretty predictable. Women have more freedom than they used to so they crave a little surrender, at least in their heads. Three waves of feminism have made the modern metrosexual male oversensitive and overcautious toward women, leaving him virility-challenged and incapable of sweeping Scarlett O'Hara off her feet and up the stairs. And then there is that hint of dubious gender-essentialism that creeps into the discussion, particularly among the loathsome Men's Rights Advocacy crowd, and their politically reactionary religious-right pals, to maintain that women are all naturally submissive and miserable when not Taken in Hand, subject to the Christian domestic discipline of a traditional Head of Household in a 1950s lifestyle.

The more accurate explanation that makes sense to us simply recognizes that a more open, less repressive culture—that now favors same-sex marriage by a sizable margin and accepts (despite the pushback from wingnuts) women's freedom of choice regarding their own bodies—has created an atmosphere in which women and men can explore their sexual interests less burdened with shame and convention. What we're seeing here is progress. When BDSM first began to surface in popular culture, a woman we know nicely untangled the seeming contradictions of her politics and her appetites: "As a modern, liberated woman, I demand to be controlled!"

Why should this be the focus of so much pearl-clutching and handwringing? There are many shades of many colors and we see no reason why favoring one over another should be the business of anyone other than the chooser.

WRITE!

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8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900
Beverly Hills, CA 90211
Or e-mail us at taboo@lfp.com





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ASH
MAID TO BE USED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ED FOX

I don't do windows but I do everything else. A rich perv doesn't dress a girl in a latex maid's uniform if he's expecting housework. Most of the time I slink around the house, waving my feather-duster and finding excuses to bend over in front of my boss so he can see what I'm not wearing under my skirt. Of course, that's very naughty of me, so I have to continue my dusting on all-fours. That's convenient when he orders me to squat in the corner and lift my skirt. The latex always makes me sweat, and once I'm wet one place, I'm wet everyplace, as I show him by spreading my pussy lips. He likes my meaty cunt and big, hard clit. Rubber freak that he is, he explores my anatomy with slick, gloved fingers, knowing just where to seek my hot spots. I suck my own juices off his fingers while he porks me with the big, curved, bumpy prod he uses to stir my insides for his even bigger cock. I clean off the fake dick with my mouth, exaggerating my moves as I look him in the eye.

As predicted, I'm bent over the counter with one knee up, wide open for him to come on in. It's going to get very hot inside my ruffly outfit, sweat trickling with my other juices, but I have no complaints about my job. The pay is fine and it's just the kind of "hard labor" at which I excel.

































TEXAS LATEX PARTY TURNS 20

PHOTOS BY GERRY KOEHLER

Always among the most elegant, exclusive and entertaining kink events on the calendar, this year's TLP marked a two-decade milestone with typical style. Attendance was limited to about 200 fashionable folk, most of them present by invitation and dressed in the most stunning fetish finery to be found in the international venues from which they hail. This special year's revelers were treated to a Uniform Night at the Formal Gala Dinner and Fetish Fashion Show, a latex Lagoon at the pool of the Houston hotel booked for the occasion, and a round of play parties extending far into the nights of this predictably fabulous weekend dedicated to haute (and hot) kink diversions. Perveratti events don't get much better than this. Here's to the next 20 years of Lone Star Latex.

















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TABOO READERS RANT AND RAVE

It's your soapbox, please keep those letters coming!



STRONG MEDICINE

My July 2012 issue of TABOO just arrived with its bonus DVD. I was very happy to see the *Milk Maids* scene included on it. I have enjoyed TABOO since the beginning. My favorite pictorials are those featuring medical themes. I hope you'll continue to revisit this particular kink often. *—C. Fox, Hampton, Virginia*

SWEET SURRENDER

Amy and Martin—Unconditional Surrender in your August 2012 issue was truly inspirational. The luscious, exotically decorated Amy is a Dom's dream, slurping piss with an ecstatic smile, sucking cock with pleading, upturned eyes, spreading her ass for her owner's meat, and expelling a massive milk enema with a properly shamed attitude—she inspired my own loyal sub to a night of particularly dirty delights. You can bet TABOO will be required reading for her from now on.



—Charles M., Missoula, Montana



PRIME PREGGO

Loved your August 2012 feature *Lynsey—Waiting to Whelp*. The combination of the lovely, pregnant Lynsey chained naked in the grimy dungeon and all the nasty things you had her do to herself (particularly the baseball-bat fucking) in her iron shackles combined all my favorite elements of the "breeding slave" fantasy. And the piss-play at the end was a super-hot touch. Hope to see more fine knocked-up babes in your book in the future. *—Tom Casperson, St. Paul, Minnesota*



DEMANDS THE TRUTH

I was impressed with your February 2012 article regarding the film *The Truth About O*. I actually liked the original mid-'70s version of the book *The Story of O*, but am curious about this version. How can I purchase *The Truth About O*? There are no adult-video stores where I live, so I'm left with using the mail. And let me take this opportunity to add that you're doing a splendid job of presenting quality pics, art and stories. Thanks for the excellent work. *—M.D., via e-mail*

No problem, M.D. You can find Truth *at* adameve.com *or give them a call at (800) 293-4654.*

FETISH FOCUS TABOO'S KINK DU JOUR

DOUBLE DELIGHTS



It's a fetish that has no name, but many, many enthusiasts. There are scientific terms for sexual fixations on everything from balloons to bugs, but no designation has yet been coined for the very popular obsession with twins. Medical science may not have caught up with this particular twist, but porn certainly has. A quick Web search will turn up dozens of sites featuring twin babes in sexual situations of all kinds, from the playful to the perverse.

In the former category we find the Barbie Twins, quite the rage a few years back for posing in latex and bondage, but never going far toward fulfilling the fantasies they inspired. Similarly, The Porcelain Twinz's fetish-inflected stage burlesque act, replete with corsets and garters and matching rubber outfits, has played clubs from Berlin to Boston, again, titillating audiences with flirtatious behavior and suggestive dialogue without crossing into forbidden territory.

But for those not satisfied with mere implication, there are XXX performers like the Milton twins, the Bucci twins, Brooke and Taylor Young, and Lacey and Lindsey Love having sex oncamera simultaneously with guys, girls and—at least in the case of the Milton sisters—coming as close to enjoying carnal pleasures with one another as the law allows.

While modern commercial porn errs on the side of caution by treating the subject coyly, earlier eras have been less inhibited. The brothels of pre-war Paris and Berlin often boasted of twin-sister prostitutes who would service not only their clients but each other for the client's entertainment. Live sex shows in Europe offered lesbian twin acts as far back as the Gilded Age and as recently as our own time.

The male-centered fantasy of coupling with a matching brace of hot babes may be comparatively innocent, born of the simple logic that there can't be too much of a good thing. If both girls are appealing, why wouldn't a guy want them at the same time? At this level, the fetish is fairly playful, as one sees in the common twin-threeway Internet clips. The girls display their physical similarities to their partners, blindfold them to see if they can tell the girls apart merely by geography, trade off sucking and fucking while inviting comparisons and, perhaps most importantly, exhibit one of the duet for visual stimulation while the other provides physical stimulation. This often leads to double-entry fucking, either side-by-side or doggy-style, and to the standard conceit of a double-facial pop on a pair of identical visages.

Going deeper and darker, the underlying allure of such pairings is undoubtedly lesbian incest. What many men would like to see, or better yet do in private, is participate in the sexual activities of twin sisters with one another. This is a truly





perverse and fetishistic taste, expensively sated by sister prostitutes (or at least girls similar enough to pass as identical) throughout the history of sex commerce. The thrill of witnessing such intimate deviation plays to male fantasies about what girls so closely matched by nature might get up to on their own. In fact, instances of sisterly incest are rare in nature, however commonly they occur in the febrile imaginations of men, but the tempting notions such tableaux invite aren't difficult to deduce. What two women in the world could know each other's physiologies and appetites as well as twin sisters? Constantly together throughout their sexual development, would it be so "unnatural" for them to experiment with one another's girlie bits? And having done so, and found it pleasurable, would they not be in an ideal situation to perfect their techniques with one another? The inborn intimacy of twin sisters would also suggest, not necessarily correctly, that they would have few inhibitions about engaging in simultaneous acts of perversion with a male companion. The Miltons, for instance, play to this expectation by doing ATOGMs with male performers. Watersports are far from uncommon in the world of "twincest" porn, as if girls who grow up in such close quarters would tend to be uninhibited about sharing bodily functions.

Traveling a still more stygian route, twins often feature as characters in BDSM tales, usually as slaves and often compelled not only to take pleasure with one another, but to inflict pain as well. The assumption would be that torturing one's twin sister would be no less harrowing than torturing oneself, or that witnessing the suffering of a twin would be more profoundly anguishing than almost any conceivable spectacle. Just as they would be presumed familiar with each other's preferences, so they would seem likely to be keenly aware of each other's fears and vulnerabilities. Pitting them against one another is all the more profoundly depraved for the way in which it turns the closest of affiliations into a source of unwanted power to torment all the more effectively. The "slave sisters" trope is common to BDSM illustration and literature, often taken to truly disturbing extremes. In such fantasies, twins often face the appalling choice of engaging in deviant cruelty towards their siblings or enduring it simultaneously, acquiescing in a Master's wicked game in the delusional belief that they will be able to spare each other some painful debauchery that would be imposed more harshly by their Masters. Of course, it's never allowed to work out that way and often a hidden streak of suppressed cruelty surfaces in the commission of the vile deeds, with ancient resentments and long-held jealousies suddenly liberated by the compulsion of third parties.

The complex twists and turns inspired by the contemplation of having one's way with a matching set of beauties are difficult to map, but certainly a fertile field for research by those to whom the forbidden exerts a magnetism of its own.





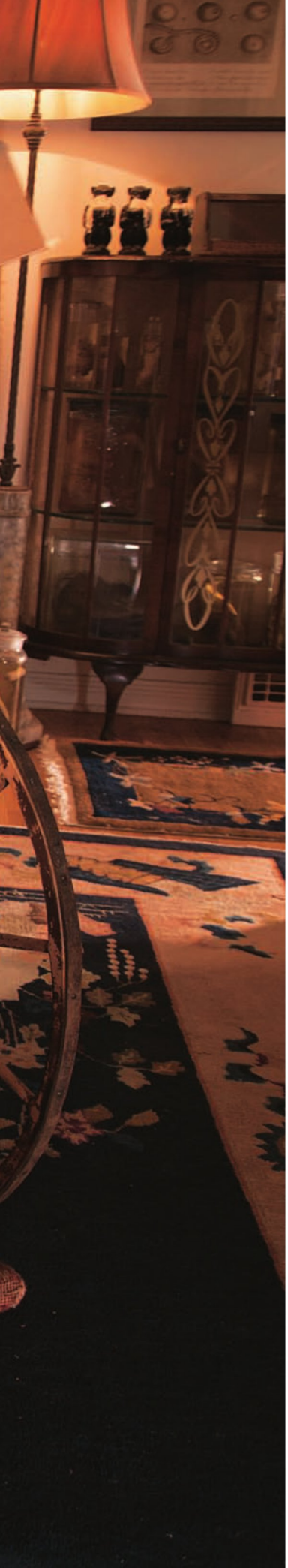


CARISSA
CONDITIONED RESPONSE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIGHTWORSHIP

The last thing Carissa expected when she applied for the lab assistant's job was to be an experimental subject. Locked up in the remote manse of the sadistic doctor, soon she's little more than a specimen. Mummified in bandages, fed hormones and stimulants, subjected to every kind of invasive treatment, she's a sexually overheated rag doll by now. Mostly naked, not allowed to walk, talk or perform basic bodily functions unassisted, Carissa is kept perpetually come-drunk, her attention focused on her always-wet pussy and throbbingly hard nipples and clit. Trapped inside her own body, her mind struggles ever more feebly against the relentless manipulation of her senses.

Unresisting, she submits to his probing and prodding, lolling in his arms with nothing more than a cry of pain while he pinches her tits with sharpened forceps, sighing when he spreads her open to expertly massage her slippery membranes. Every sensation makes Carissa climax, from having her ass packed with strings of beads to being sponged down with hot oil. Strapped into the examination chair with a steel retractor propping her aching jaws so he can use her mouth for extra lubrication (not that she needs any), ass still stuffed, Carissa is penetrated repeatedly with huge probes to prepare her for constant fucking. Limbs wrapped in gauze, she crawls on elbows and knees to present herself for use, oblivious to the humiliating circumstances. So far, her treatment is proving most effective. Soon, there will be many like her: broken dolls fully adapted to the most perverse whims of their keepers.



























Anal Advisor

BY TRISTAN TAORMINO

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

Just how risky is anal fingering without gloves? I've seen it done gloveless more than a few times, but is the risk of infection and transmission very high? I make sure my fingernails are trimmed neatly to avoid tearing, but I'm still concerned about microabrasions.

—Sticky Fingers

Dear Fingers:

I encourage you (and everyone) to get tested regularly for sexually transmitted infections (STIs), share your results, have honest discussions with your partners and practice safer sex. If you're unsure of your STI status or your partner's, you should use protective barriers for all kinds of sex. The biggest risk in anal-play is for the partner doing the fingering. Your concern is justified. If you have any open skin (even tiny paper cuts) on your fingers, viruses and bacteria can find a direct route to your bloodstream. Latex or nitrile gloves, along with lube, will protect your fingers and also make them better tools of pleasure.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I have a very strong anal fetish. It is the one thing that dominates, focusing on anal in some way. Much as I'd prefer to be a little more "normal" for convenience's sake, it doesn't seem like that's going to happen. I've used the Internet to explore my fascination through online role-playing, but I'm a complete virgin to actual physical contact and relationships. I'm pretty shy and awkward, and if I do get into a relationship, eventually we'll deal with my anal fetish. I know not everyone is into it and I don't want to end up with somebody unwilling to try it. How do I cross this bridge? One option is to hit up social networks specifically for this, but I'm apprehensive on approaching people just for sex. However, if I don't get out there, I'll never have the experiences I desire

—Concerned and Shy Virgin



Welcome to my column, *Anal Advisor*. I'm Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and producer/director/star of the video of the same name. In addition to being a writer and editor, I teach sex workshops all over the world. I receive dozens of letters and e-mails daily about anal sex, and I love to share a few of those questions and answers with all of you. For more anal advice and adventures, check out my Web site, *PuckerUp.com*, and my reality porn series for Vivid called *Chemistry*.

Dear Virgin:

Take a deep breath. There is no such thing as "normal," so don't blame yourself for not being something that doesn't exist. You've explored your sexuality with yourself, and with others virtually, and found out what turns you on. That's a good thing! Plenty of people become sexually active with others before learning about their own bodies or discovering their personal desires and fantasies. You're headed in the right direction. Now, you just have to put yourself out there. Have you tried online dating? It's a good way to dip your toes into the pool. See if you can make a



connection that feels comfortable in terms of your personalities. When you begin a sexual relationship, you and your partner can talk about what turns you on, what you're into, your fantasies, etc. Don't try to run from your anal fetish. Embrace it. Share it with that someone special when you're ready, and do so with confidence. If you're not sexually compatible with the first person you meet, don't worry. There are plenty of folks out there looking for the very thing you seek.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I am a bottom and a masochist. I think of myself as a sensation slut and I love pain in many forms—flogging, spanking, caning, slapping, piercing and pinching to name a few. I have a wonderful Master who's quite skilled at taking me where I need to go in a scene. When my endorphins kick in, I feel like I am flying! Here's my dilemma: I also love anal-play, but, like my other kinks, I want it to hurt. I like the feeling of painful anal sex. Master prefers to take his time, use plenty of lube, warm me up properly, and generally follow all the rules of safe anal penetration. This does nothing for me. I want to feel the burn, the pressure, the overwhelming feeling that I cannot take it. Although he has a sadistic streak, he's wary of injuring me in this way. Is there a way to make anal penetration painful and safe at the same time? If he gives it to me the way I want it, will he do long-term damage?

—Hurts So Good

Dear Hurts:

You certainly do have a dilemma. Your Master has been gentle with your ass for good reason. The one thing that all the activities you describe in your letter—flogging, spanking, caning, slapping, piercing and pinching—have in common is where on your body you experience them. There's little risk in inflicting fairly intense sensations on fleshy places like the ass cheeks, the back, the thighs and the chest. They all have plenty of padding, can take the impact of a hand or an implement, and recover without permanent harm. The anus and rectum are made of mucous membrane, much more delicate and much less resilient tissue. Our asses are not built for rough handling and they can't bounce back in the same way other parts of us can. There really is no good way to make anal sex painful and safe, because pain is our body's way of signaling that something isn't right, and when it comes to your ass, you've got to heed those warning signals. I wish I could suggest an easy compromise, but he's right. He could really damage your rectal tissue if he just sticks it in with no lube or warmup. Do you think it could work if he was emotionally or psychologically sadistic or rough with you while he fucked you in the ass? He could act and talk in a harsh way while still being physically safe. Maybe that might change the whole character of the experience for you. He could also consider inflicting pain on other parts of your body while ass-fucking you, such as whipping your back or putting clamps on your nipples. I think you should have a conversation about this and see if he's interested in challenging himself in this way. He could find some new ways to torture you that will be lots of fun without putting you at risk.

Photos From
Tristan Taormino's Advanced Guide to Anal Sex
Courtesy of Vivid Pictures







TEAGAN AND TYLER

HARD-TAIL RIDER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS























Looking buff and tough in her straps, studs and boots, Teagan might not appear easily tamed, and she's not. It takes the right man with the right plan. Tyler knows that a tight tit-grip, a pair of leather cuffs and a few solid smacks on the ass turn her satiny flesh redder than roses. A yank on her blond locks produces a surge of wetness down below, and a hand around the throat, coupled with the application of the big power vibe to the perfect spot on the underside of her pleasure button puts Teagan in a properly service-oriented state of mind.

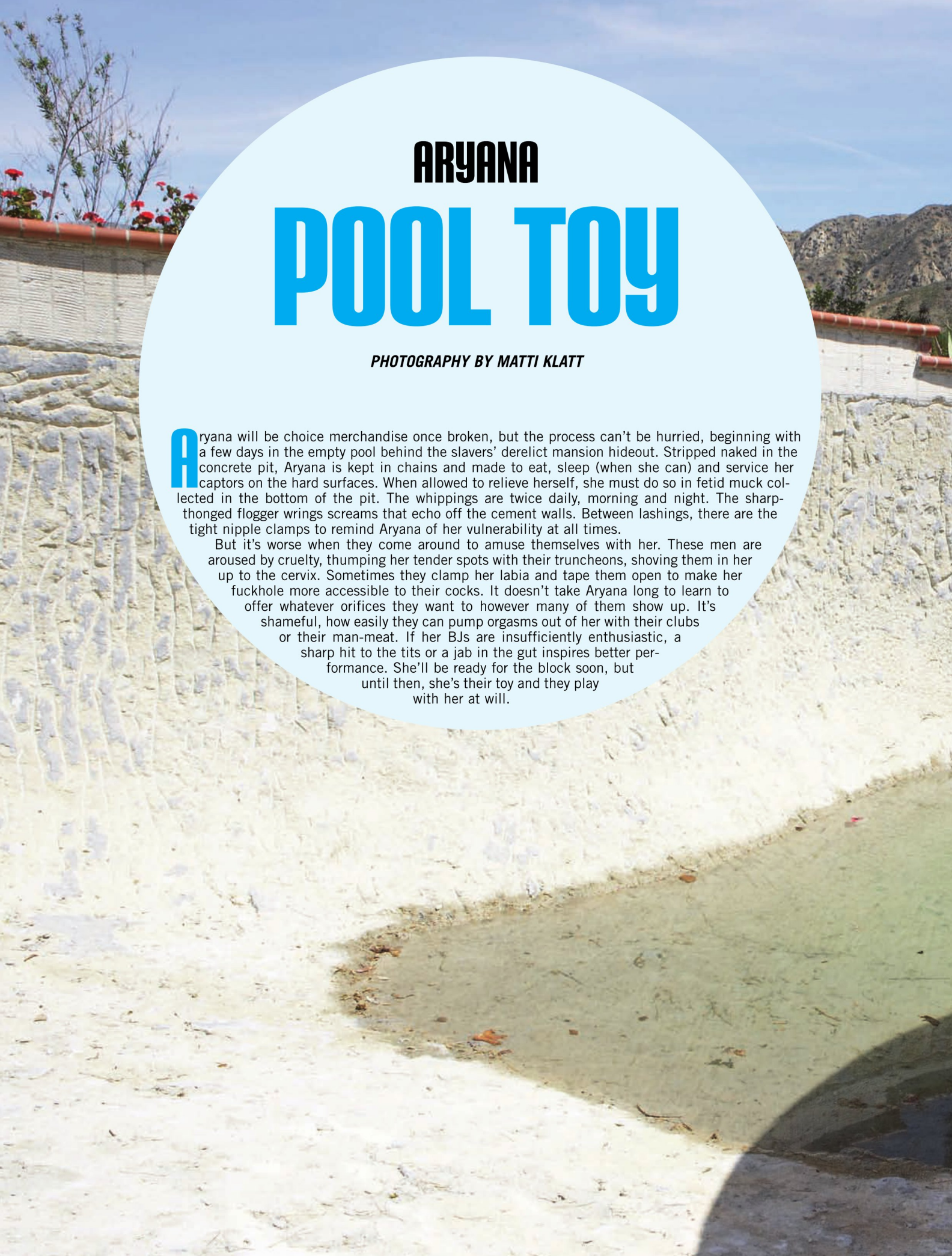
Could she pretty please suck his cock? Certainly, if properly directed by the large, cold, steel hook planted deeply up in her rectum. A slight tug steers her effortlessly from behind, pulling her forward until his rigid rod gags her at the back of her throat, then swinging her back for the next in-stroke. Teagan's such a good girl now, she deserves something special, and with her anus nicely agape from the stretching of the hook, Tyler's slab slides easily up her rear passage. She fucks him back as hard as the restraints allow, growling gutturally until she lets out her long, orgasmic howl. Without being ordered, she pops off him and swings around, wanting to be on her knees so she can suck the cream from his ass-slimed spear.

Teagan's perfectly tamed now, just the way they both like it.









ARYANA
POOL TOY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Aryana will be choice merchandise once broken, but the process can't be hurried, beginning with a few days in the empty pool behind the slavers' derelict mansion hideout. Stripped naked in the concrete pit, Aryana is kept in chains and made to eat, sleep (when she can) and service her captors on the hard surfaces. When allowed to relieve herself, she must do so in fetid muck collected in the bottom of the pit. The whippings are twice daily, morning and night. The sharp-thonged flogger wrings screams that echo off the cement walls. Between lashings, there are the tight nipple clamps to remind Aryana of her vulnerability at all times.

But it's worse when they come around to amuse themselves with her. These men are aroused by cruelty, thumping her tender spots with their truncheons, shoving them in her up to the cervix. Sometimes they clamp her labia and tape them open to make her fuckhole more accessible to their cocks. It doesn't take Aryana long to learn to offer whatever orifices they want to however many of them show up. It's shameful, how easily they can pump orgasms out of her with their clubs or their man-meat. If her BJs are insufficiently enthusiastic, a sharp hit to the tits or a jab in the gut inspires better performance. She'll be ready for the block soon, but until then, she's their toy and they play with her at will.
























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xxxooo Aryana

SUB-SPACE

BY NINA HARTLEY



TABOO'S Sub-Space **is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.**

DEAR NINA,

I'm a woman in my early 30s with a growing interest in BDSM and I enjoy your TABOO column very much. I've been a fan since college and have followed your development from porn icon (which you still are, of course) to your current status as wife and love-slave of Ernest Greene. I find the idea very romantic, though not in the smarmy way it's portrayed in *Fifty Shades of Grey*. My question: what, for you, has been the biggest difference between the fantasy of being a slave and the reality?

—Dreaming the Dream,
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Dreaming:

Great question! Interestingly, I had no fantasy of being anybody's love-slave before I met Ernest and fell for him. I was certainly kinky and had plenty of fantasies of passionate sex with forceful, masterful partners, but nothing specifically BDSM-oriented. Fortunately, Ernest was an experienced Dominant who knew how to lead me where I was already headed—toward a life of conscious, fully realized kink sexuality with a committed partner.

That said, the biggest difference between any fantasy of full-time love-slavery and the day-to-day reality of a two-career household is the work required to make space for such a relationship amid all the other demands of modern life. Just when I'd rather be locked in my cage stuffed with a belted-in dildo and hoping to earn my way out by being such a clever and enterprising slave, one or the other of us has a deadline that takes our time and attention away from delicious torture and focuses it on paying the rent.

That is not to say that we don't find ways of keeping the romance alive between bouts of boot-licking and rough sex. The most useful thing we did at the start was to establish regular, personally meaningful rituals designed to preserve the passion in balance with the other demands that confront us. For example, as soon as I arrive home I get naked and bring Master my collar. Before he puts it on he kisses my neck prior to clicking the padlock shut. My collared nakedness reminds us both that he can casually make use of me if the opportunity presents itself, as his hard-on did the other night when we were watching TV after getting home from a long day's work. I slipped to my knees on the floor and serviced him orally on the spot. We also have symbols that always remind us of what we are to one another, including the O-style shackle ring I wear on my hand and the heart-shaped padlock tattooed on the back of my neck. He sports a winged key inked over his heart. These practices and totems help keep us at least partially in our "spaces" even when we lack the opportunity to fully indulge ourselves in the pleasures of our union.

Equally important, however, is making



time to wind out the gears of our dynamic full-throttle. It remains a priority because we invest the effort to keep it that way. Each month, we go through our calendar and I draw hearts on all the possible days we might have to spend together as Master and slave without other distractions. We'd rather skip a movie than a whipping and allot our free time accordingly. And we always bring our best selves to the dungeon, putting aside all other concerns for the next 90 minutes. By the time we're done, all of the cock worship, anal-play, butt plugs, caning and fucking have refreshed our commitment, cementing our connection and devotion, thereby making the pressures of the outside world more manageable. Each couple has to make their own accommodations to the necessities of life, but to maintain their dynamic, they have to invest some creativity in working around the obstacles reality throws in its path.

DEAR NINA,

I'm at the beginning of my first M/s relationship and am struggling with my slave's need to be punished when she or I feel that she's done wrong. I'm more naturally inclined toward aggression during sex and tend to withdraw when angry. I'm wary of the idea of using physical force to "correct" her and concerned that we not create a pattern of abuse. I know she needs to feel that there will be consequences for her misbehavior, but I'm not entirely comfortable with inflicting them. Your thoughts?

—Still Figuring It Out,
Columbia, South Carolina

Dear Figuring:

I'm glad to hear that you're aware of the danger of mixing real anger with sex-play. What makes BDSM sex safe for its participants is understanding that, while sex and aggression enjoy close proximity in our brains, we must exercise caution over how they're combined. Some disagree, but in my opinion, healthy kinksters never engage while actually angry. My Master says, "I'll hurt you but I'll never harm you." This is so because his dominance is an expression of his sexual orientation, not of any unresolved negative emotions.

For us, consensual BDSM is violence without anger and pain without fear. What makes the ritualized violence of kink-sex safe is that we don't use spanking, whipping, slapping, restraining, punching or kicking to express hostility or frustration. Instead, we use these powerful and exciting behaviors in the service of our deepest yearnings and devotions. You're correct in recognizing the possible risks of incorporating physical punishment as an element in your interaction. Your partner's "need" for this doesn't necessarily prevail over your limits. Doms also enjoy the right of consent.

I don't favor using BDSM as therapy for a couple in conflict. If you're a pleasure-oriented Dom and she wants a controlling Master who inflicts his will physically, you may not be suitable mates. If you can agree on some nonviolent penalties—"Corner time," orgasm denial, the performance of certain tasks—you may be able to make it work. But this requires compromise, and for some, compromise destroys the appeal of M/s. For me, anger is not a sexy emotion and gets in the way of my arousal or desire. I'm fortunate to have found a compatible partner with similar responses. But all relationships require adaptation, and if neither of you is too rigid in your idea around BDSM, a satisfying understanding may be reached without either of you surrendering your core principles. Good luck!

Photos From
Nina Hartley's Guide to Bondage Sex
Courtesy of Adam&Eve Pictures







PRIME PEE PIX POURED BY THE PAGE

URINATION NATION

Featuring BRANDI



Brandi's delighted to surprise her Master and his friends with her enthusiasm for dirty tricks. She spends the morning filling up on bottled water until her bladder is as tight as a basketball. Lying on the bed, she primes the fountain. First, a massaging finger up the ass while she looks them in the eye. Loosening her little hole always relaxes her straining gut muscles. The insertion of the rectal probe turns on the faucet instantly. Brandi's peehole erupts in a noisy, arching stream, splattering her whole body and soaking the sheets. She's sticky and stinking while they fuck her, but she's made her Master proud and that's all that matters.







Georges Pichard

The Voluptuousness of Cruelty

The Darkly Witty Visions of French XXX BDSM Comics Maestro Still Shock Today

Special Feature by ERNEST GREENE
Art by GEORGES PICHARD

"Religious themes struck me as intriguing," says the late Georges Pichard, France's most notorious and most celebrated creator of BDSM comics, "because it is the religious authorities who, under the pretext of religious instruction, show the most interest in nudity and infernal themes. I remember seeing a great depiction of Hell in the Cathedral of Albi. Of course, this was done to scare unbelievers, but at the same time, I'm sure it was fun for the artists!"

Like Sade, who the artist acknowledges as an important influence on his work, Pichard is endlessly entertained by the hypocritical behavior of authority, both religious and civil. Enormously prolific, between the end of WWII and his death in 1993 at age 78, Pichard turned out hundreds of comic strips, illustrations and books, most brazenly sexual and unabashedly saturated in eroticized cruelty, while simultaneously satirical and subversive. Though his perspective is often sardonically humorous, his exquisitely detailed and meticulous renderings of sexual torture demonstrate a profound respect for the complexities and contradictions of desire.

"I think the erotic comic strip in particular and erotic art overall are consigned to a sort of ghetto, partially of the artists' own making," he says in one of his last interviews. "For me, sexuality deserves to be attacked with the seriousness Baudelaire devotes to the more general theme of Love. It should be treated with some care."

While a broad streak of satire may run through Pichard's vast body of work, the elaborate tableaux he renders down to the most minute detail, even in scenes involving large numbers of characters, rococo settings and torture instruments of fiendish complexity, reflect the fanatical dedication of an artist working to the most meticulous standards. No matter how crowded the orgiastic activities packing every frame of his graphic novels, not one person, place or object is present by accident.

Which is not to say that they are static set pieces. Far from it. There is a kind of mad vitality to his characters' bizarre excesses. His background elements may be fanatically detailed, but his stock company of players and their twisted appetites are, literally, broadly drawn.

Though Pichard occasionally shows off his ability to create the salon-style portraits of high-born beauties found on the walls of Parisian museums, the type of woman whose company he clearly prefers at the drawing board couldn't be more different. She's big and round and aggressively feminine, with huge eyes and lips, luxuriant tits, ass and hips, outsize vulva that seems forever ravenous for any passing cock (or phallic object of almost any kind), skimpy costumes from which her lush flesh spills uncontrollably, and dirty, bare feet. She smokes, drinks, spits, curses, pisses and fucks in public, reveling shamelessly in every kind of perversion, including those involving her own extreme suffering. She's also ageless because her appeal doesn't depend on glamour in any way, and only becomes more desirable as her circumstances reduce her to the most abject degradation.

As Pichard puts it, "I reserve a large place for violence in my work, but the victim is still closely complicit with those who inflict it on her." Indeed, his "victims" not only accept the most extreme punishments for their lasciviousness, they literally beg for it, groveling seductively before priests and magistrates to request the harshest and most humiliating treatments, which they never deny deserving. Though often restrained by the most fiendish of iron bonds, if there is a way they can strain through the bars and chains to suck or grope a cock or make some orifice further south available for



use, they can be relied upon to do so, whatever the consequences.

Moreover, Pichard's women's appetites for cruelty go both ways. His institutional settings—nunneries, prisons, insane asylums, harems—provide opportunities for the inmates to participate in one another's torments, which they do gleefully, often masturbating with one hand while wielding a studded whip with the other. Their irony-suffused dialogue often functions as a deadpan counterpoint to the intensity of their penances. Agony and ecstacy converge so seamlessly, it's hardly surprising that most of his heroines are completely incorrigible and find their way from one vile circumstance to another. An escape from prison often leads to captivity as the plaything of bandits and pimps. Rescuers turn out to be even more depraved than previous captors.

"My description of humanity is a little pessimistic, if you want. Relatively lucid. I do not think it is a despairing view," Pichard says. Though it is distinctly Sadean, an inspiration he cheerfully admits.

"Sade's is the most important work, *Justine* and *Juliette*, the punishment of virtue and the prospering of vice. I had no desire to imitate the style of the illustrations made during the lifetime of the author, which were very crude, but the themes are interesting. I just wanted to give them a slightly different direction," Pichard explains.



Much as his female protagonists endure along the way, they tend to prevail in the end.

"I do not destroy my characters. Because I'm not a moralist, there's no reason why my stories must end badly." Indeed, in the book widely regarded as his masterpiece, *Marie-Gabrielle de Saint-Eutrope*, his high-born protagonist is cast down into a particular perverse and brutal convent for falsely confessing to the shooting of her young lover in order to protect her virtuous husband. She's subjected to every kind of ordeal involving whipping, branding, piercing with enormous rings in her most sensitive spots, force-feeding, massive enemas, cold-water immersions, back-breaking labor, stringent bondage, an ultimate sale to a procurer who puts her to work on the streets of Valparaiso where debauched clients piss on her for a few coins, only to end up reunited with the now-recovered paramour for whom she has suffered so much.

Not surprisingly, Pichard knew many conflicts with censors over the years, but laughs them off in retrospect.

"The clientele of *Marie-Gabrielle* was augmented by a small flood of journalistic polemics and government prohibitions. These things only create a bigger demand. It's obvious to me if not to those who criticize my work," Pichard jokes.

Though *succès de scandale* is what Pichard may have become in later life for the extremity of his sado-erotic visions, he worked in many genres and became famous well before becoming infamous.

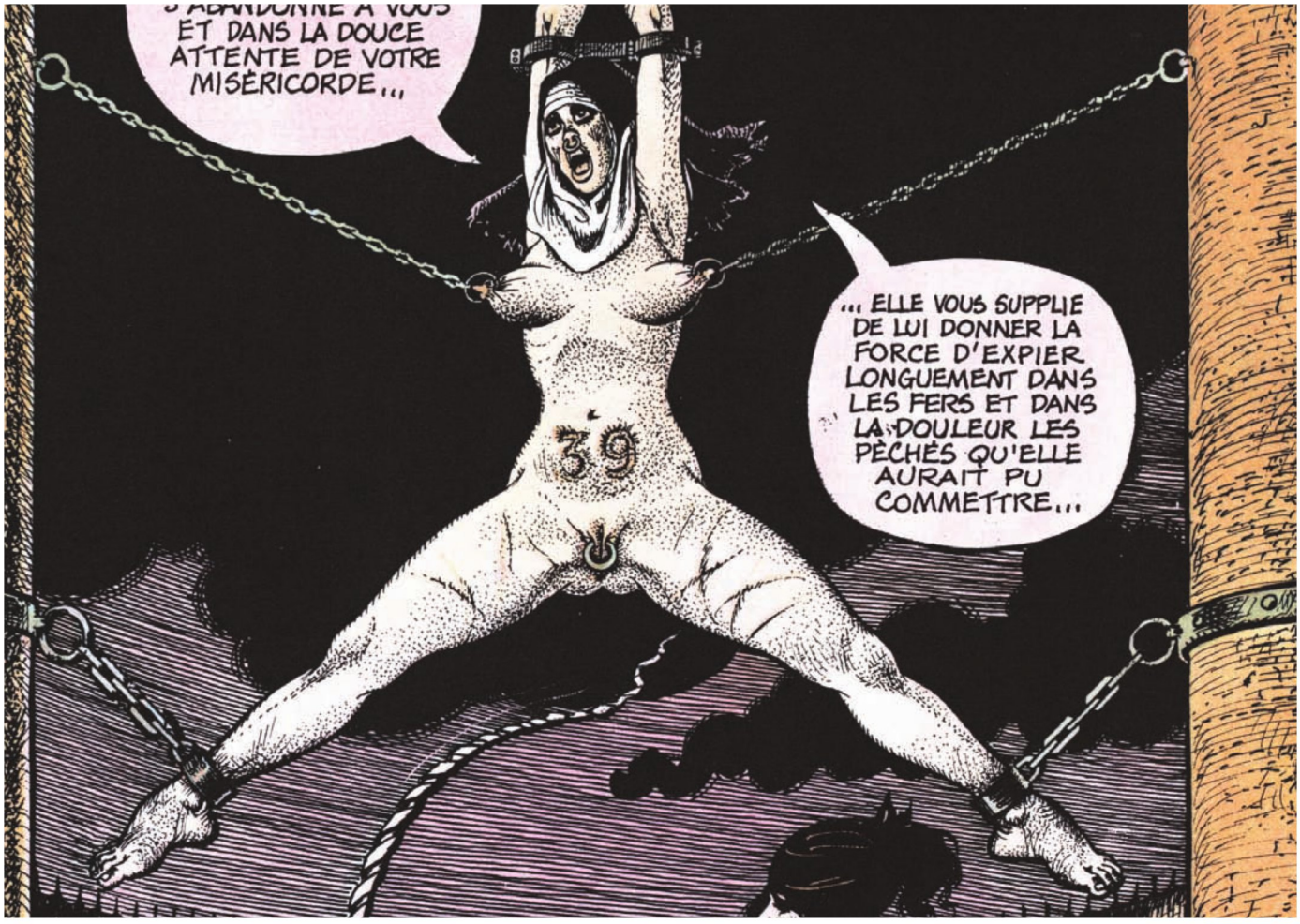
A native of Paris, he was educated at the *École des Arts Appliques*, and after World War II worked as an advertising illustrator before publishing his first cartoon strip in *La Semaine de Suzette* in 1956, featuring a "girl next door" character named Miss Mimi.

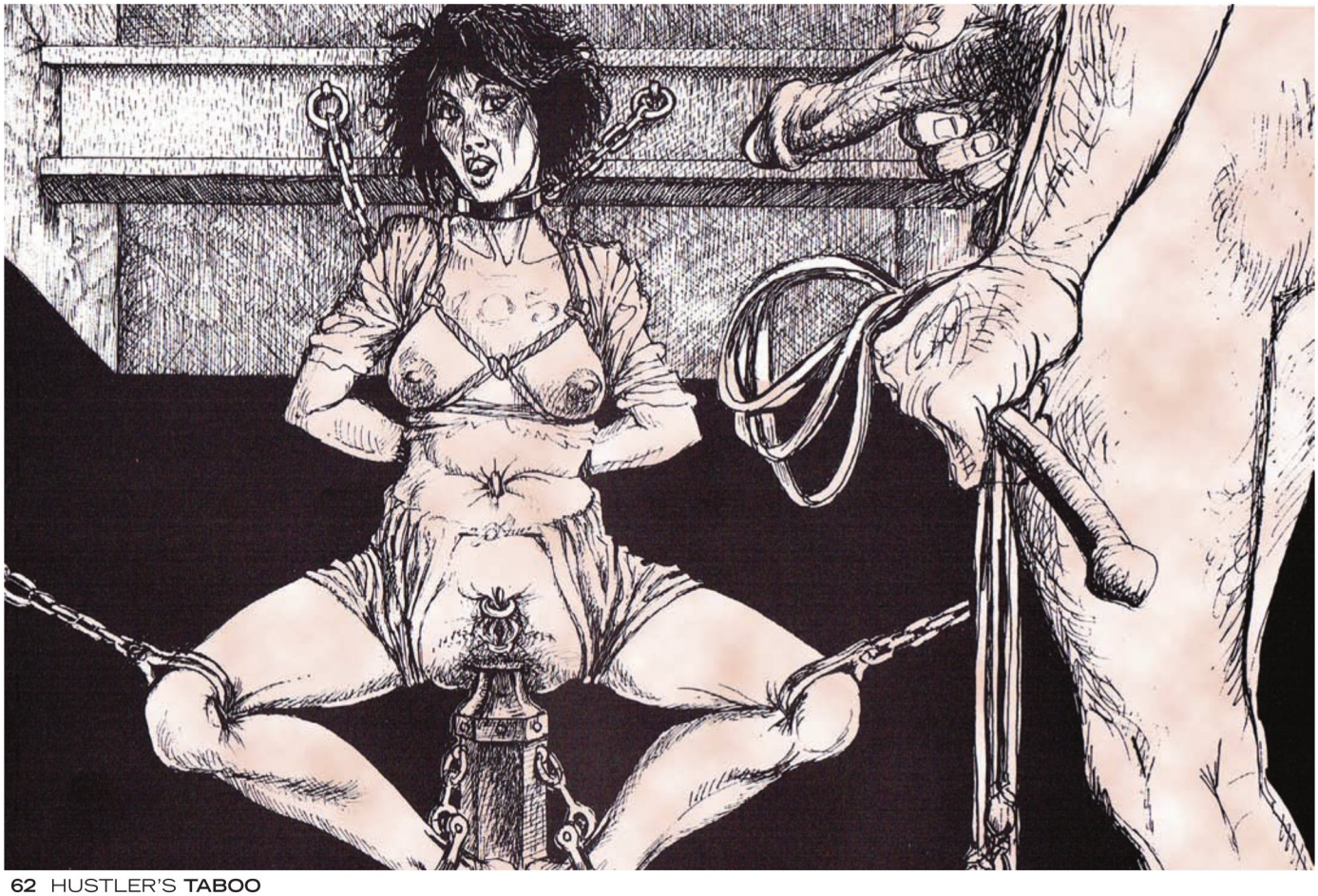
In the early '60s he met Jacques Lob, with whom he collaborated on the superhero parodies, *Ténébrax* and *Submerman*. It wasn't for a few years that Pichard left the family-friendly comics genre entirely with the creation of the comic strip *Blanche Épiphanie*, featuring a voluptuous naif Pichard admits was based on Sade's forever-imperiled Justine. Blanche was controversial from birth, often acting outside the moral boundaries of the times, at one point emulating Jane Fonda by going to Vietnam. During this, Pichard developed his style of tall, well-endowed women with excessive eyeliner and untrammeled sluttiness.

Pichard continued to push the moral boundaries when he collaborated with writer Georges Wolinski to create a yet more controversial series, *Paulette*, beginning in 1970. Next came *Caroline Choléra* in 1975. Upon publication of *Marie-Gabrielle* in 1977, Pichard's work was banned from bookshops, but it still went on to become his best-selling work. Toward the end of his life, Pichard adapted classic erotic stories such as *Les Exploits d'un jeune Don Juan* by Guillaume Apollinaire, *The Kama-Sutra of Vatsyayana*, *La Religieuse* by Denis Diderot, and Emile Zola's *Germinal*.

In a way, these later works (which still managed to work in plenty of pervy sex) were in keeping with Pichard's perspective as a social critic, which places him in the French tradition of Zola and Victor Hugo. He considered organized religion "a dangerous killer" and militarism "poisonous,"

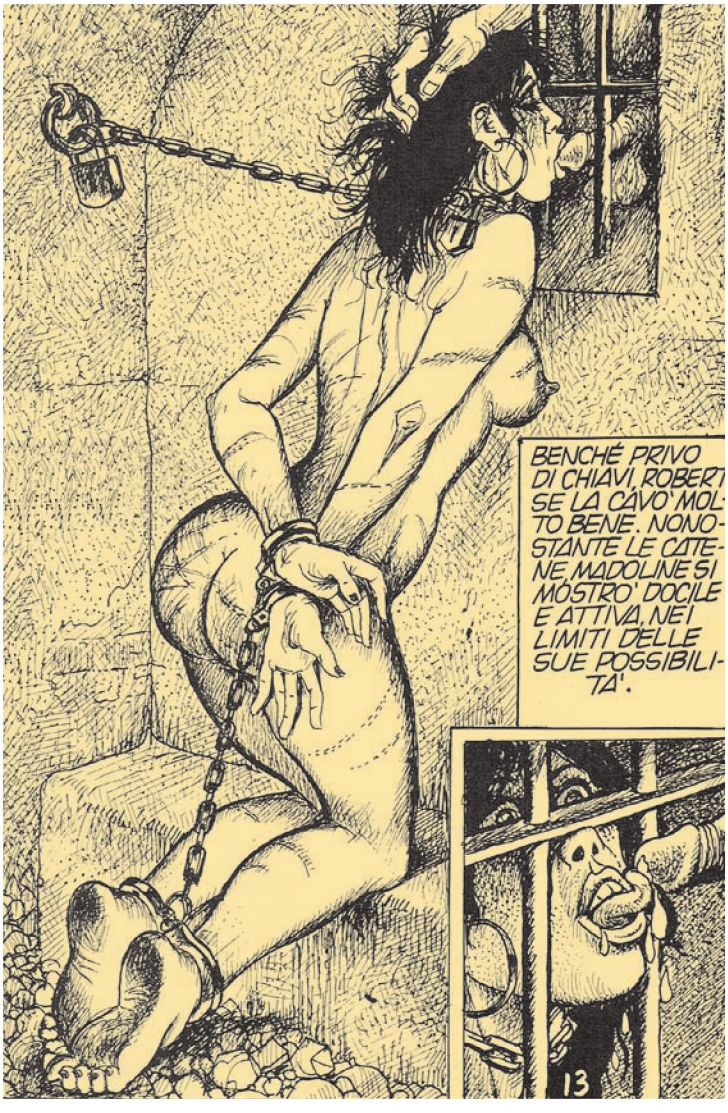



ET DANS LA DOUCE ATTENTE DE VOTRE MISÉRICORDE...
... ELLE VOUS SUPPLIE DE LUI DONNER LA FORCE D'EXPIER LONGUEMENT DANS LES FERS ET DANS LA DOULEUR LES PÊCHÉS QU'ELLE AURAIT PU COMMETTRE...
39



though in a typically paradoxical fashion: "when soldiers dress up in theatrical uniforms I always love it!" Indeed, his most appealingly cruel characters are often high-ranking officers in Napoleonic dress.

It was perhaps in his last days, when he drew the two *Madoline* books and the harrowing *Maison de Correction: Princesse Mélanie*—more or less abandoning conventional storytelling altogether in favor of wall-to-wall sex and torture, including (but not limited to) electric shocks, vaginal sewing, gastric intubation, infibulation with massive padlocks, anal impalement, skewering with long, thick needles, spiked chastity belts, and, of course, copious amounts of perverted sexual servitude, public and private—that Pichard's work most closely approaches that of today's most challenging BDSM artistry. PD, founder of the infamously raw and raunchy bondage Web site *InSex* (and now operator of the slightly less edgy *Hardtied* and *Infernal Restraints*), regards Pichard as "my most important artistic influence whose images I try to bring to life in my work." In the comics of many of TABOO ILLUSTRATED's contributors, there are echoes of Pichard's ingenious cruelty and unabashed lust, as well as his obvious affection for highly sexed women in dire predicaments, along with his distrust of authority and contempt for the hypocritical morals of the rich and powerful. The look may be more polished, the women more conventionally attractive, the tone more noir, but the voluptuousness of cruelty Pichard so well understood and interpreted remains the driving motivation in the pages of this book.







AIDEN AND ARIEL

SHAME'S THE GAME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ















The way to Ariel's heart is through her ass. When my slave's attitude needs adjusting, I start by reminding her of what an anal slut she is by stringing her to the X-frame and probing her tailpipe with gloved fingers. She can't help moaning and squirming even more lewdly when I pack her anus with the fat dildo. Such a dirty girl deserves having her hard nips decorated with clothespins, applied slowly, left on long enough for the pinched flesh to throb, then flicked off. Nicely tenderized, she'll be especially sensitive beneath the thin, tight membrane of the vac-bed. Pinned like a butterfly with her swollen parts outlined by the clinging rubber, she can't squirm an inch while I maul her lush curves inside the cocoon. Only her red-glossed mouth is left exposed to suck my tits and cunt when I lower them within reach. Ariel's eager to please, but I want her humbled for the honor, meaning more attention to her tender tush.

Ariel keeps her ass-guts clean, but they can still use an extra flush with a high-volume bag of cold milk. I love watching her strain to keep it in until I make her bend over, spread her cheeks and expel it for me, as she hangs her head in humiliation. Kneeling in the tub, she offers her succulent cleavage as a receptacle for me to empty my bladder, golden streams coursing down over her sleek curves. Stripped of her pride, she's hot and ready to serve.





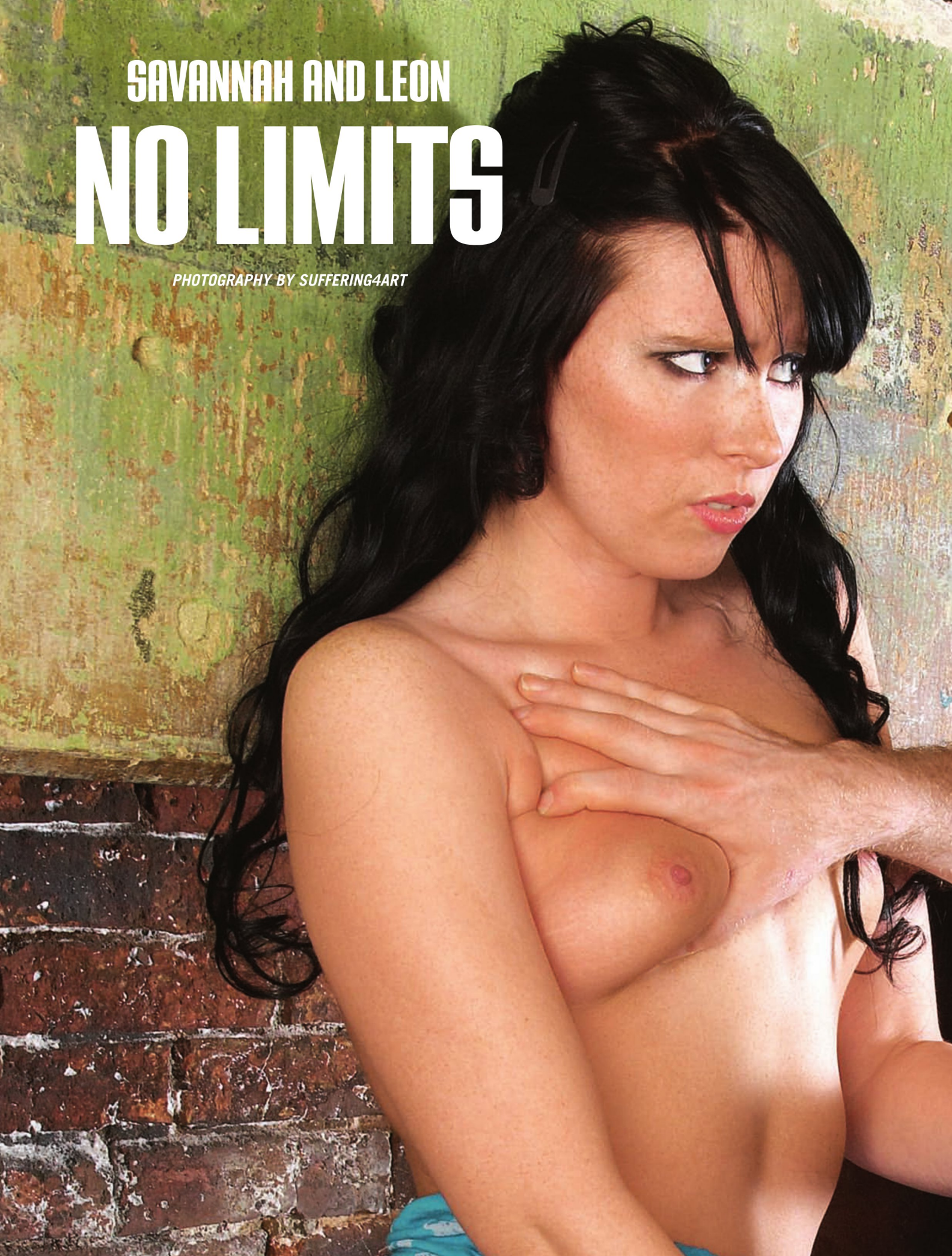












SAVANNAH AND LEON
NO LIMITS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUFFERING4ART



Weaker Masters balk at the necessary extremes, but in the grimy cellar where Leon keeps me in iron shackles, he pushes me to the ecstatic surrender I crave. He mauls and teases me until I welcome the vacuum pump swelling my tender button painfully up the acrylic tube. I shudder in terror and anguish as the electrified steel sound slides agonizingly into my urethra. I beg him not to turn up the generator, but the waves of current pulsing through my tortured bladder produce chain-rattling spasms I can't control. The more he hurts me, the harder I come.

Now it's his turn to be satisfied. Arms bound behind me, I ride his cock like a madwoman, craving his seed, but he holds back, putting me down to insert the steel plug in my rectum and open my slit with the cold speculum. Using my cunt as his urinal, he fills me with piss, making me expel it in a gush of pure shame. Then another round of fucking, this time standing in my chains while he does me from behind, then kneeling while he relieves himself once more, this time in my mouth. I gulp every acrid drop, not losing one to the bucket painfully clamped to my nips. I take pride in my degradation, grinning up at him when he dumps his load down my gullet. Nobody works me like Leon. That's why I wear his chain locked around my neck.








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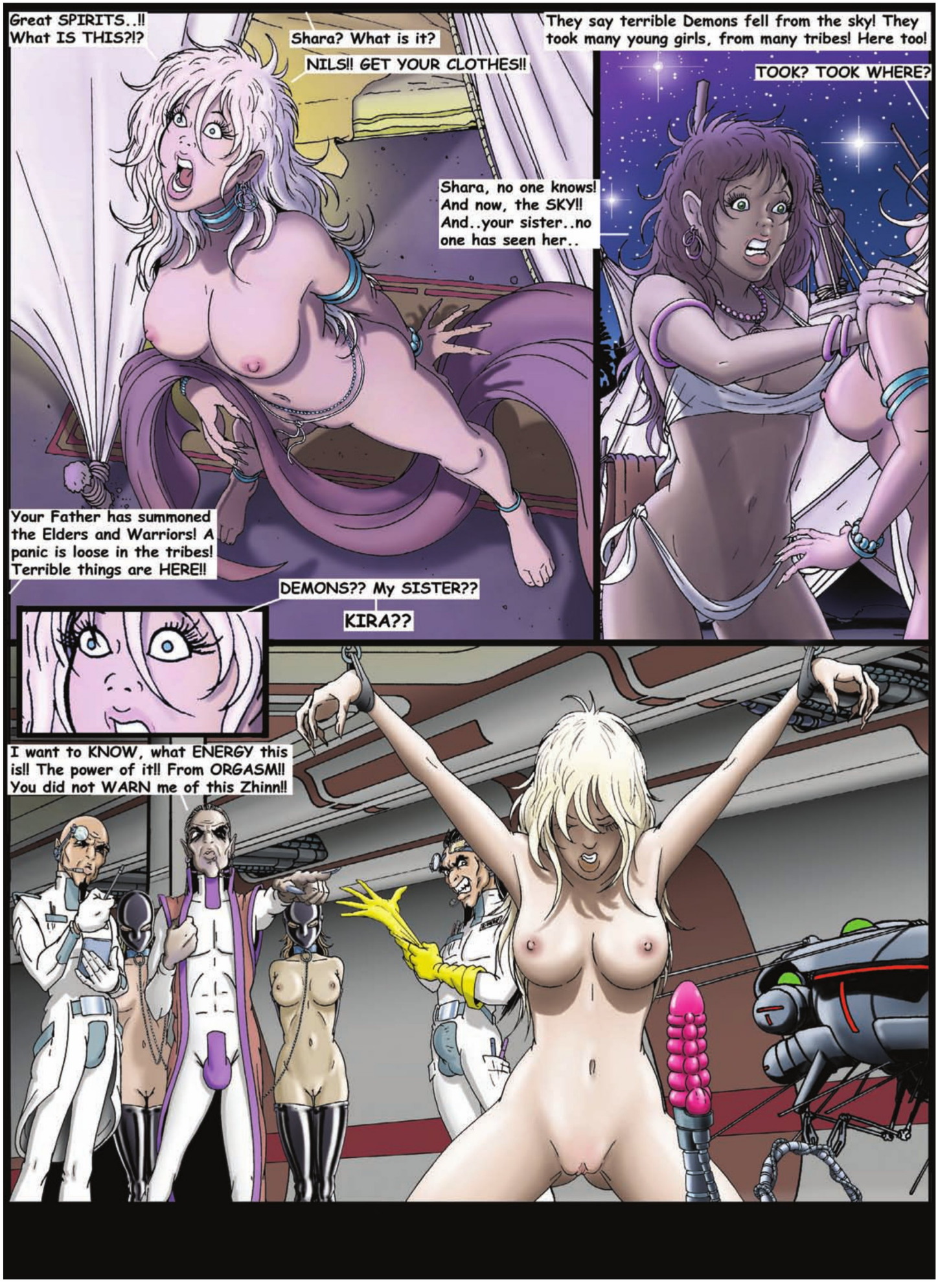


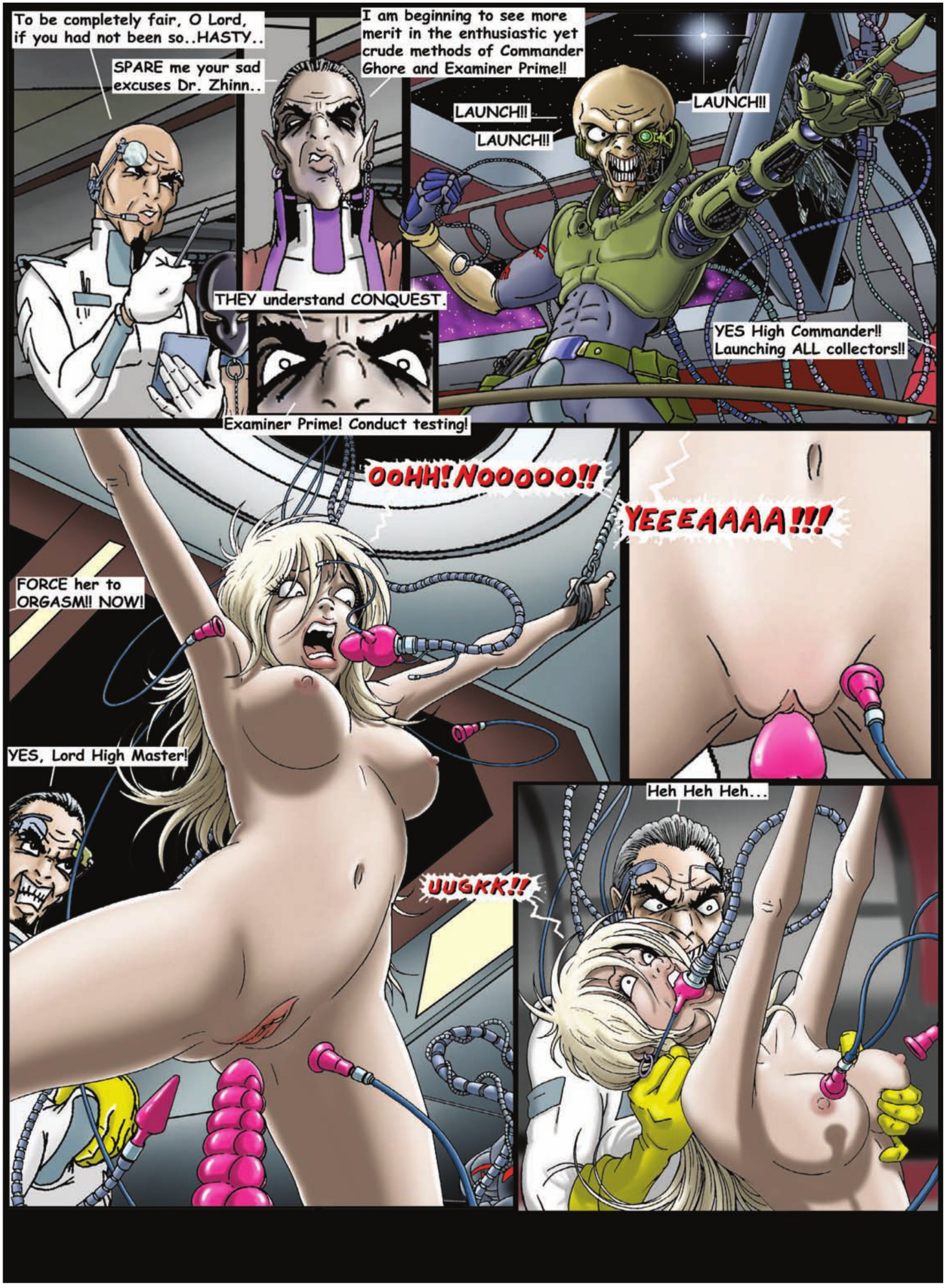


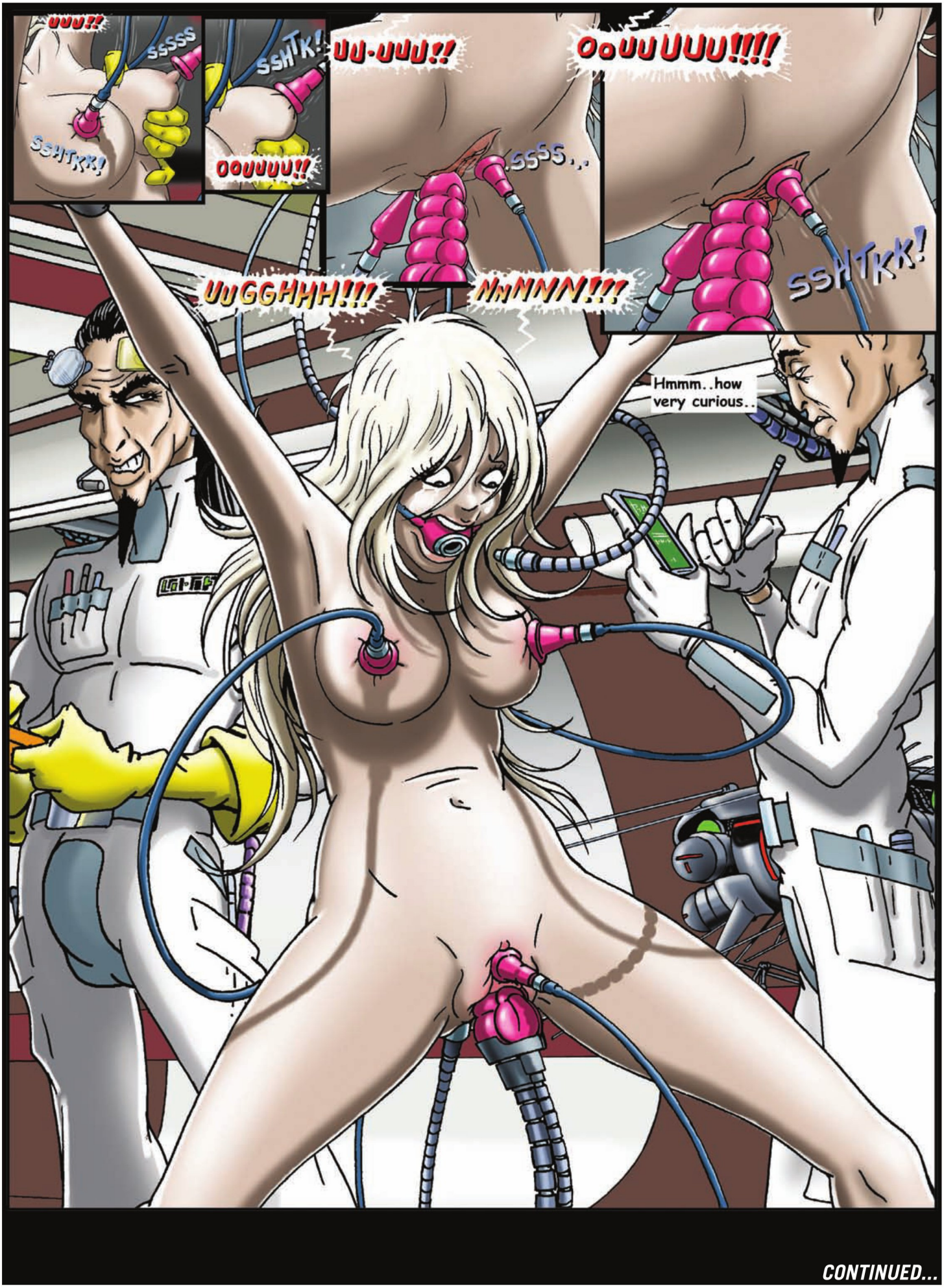





SHAA-RAAAA!!!
Ooh..OOHH..Shara!
SHARA!! COME QUICK!! HORRIBLE THINGS are HAPPEN..IN..G..oh..OHH!! SHARA!! OH!
Shara! Nils! Oh I'm SORRY! But your FATHER has....
HAVE YOU LOST YOUR SENSE? WHAT is the CRISIS? WHAT??
LOOK!!
DRAGONSABRE
CONQUEST
ROBERTS


Great SPIRITS..!!
What IS THIS?!?
Shara? What is it?
NILS!! GET YOUR CLOTHES!!
Shara, no one knows! And now, the SKY!! And..your sister..no one has seen her..
They say terrible Demons fell from the sky! They took many young girls, from many tribes! Here too!
TOOK? TOOK WHERE?
Your Father has summoned the Elders and Warriors! A panic is loose in the tribes! Terrible things are HERE!!
DEMONS?? My SISTER??
KIRA??
I want to KNOW, what ENERGY this is!! The power of it!! From ORGASM!! You did not WARN me of this Zhinn!!


To be completely fair, O Lord, if you had not been so..HASTY..
SPARE me your sad excuses Dr. Zhinn..
I am beginning to see more merit in the enthusiastic yet crude methods of Commander Ghore and Examiner Prime!!
LAUNCH!!
LAUNCH!!
LAUNCH!!
THEY understand CONQUEST.
YES High Commander!! Launching ALL collectors!!
Examiner Prime! Conduct testing!
OOHH! NOOOOO!!
YEEEAAAA!!!
FORCE her to ORGASM!! NOW!
YES, Lord High Master!
UUGKK!!
Heh Heh Heh...


UUU!!
SSSSS
SSHTKK!
SSHTK!
OOUUUU!!
UU-UUU!!
OoUUUUUU!!!!
.SSSS..
UUGGHHH!!!
NNNNN!!!
SSHTKK!
Hmmm..how very curious..

CONTINUED...





COMING NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER'S TABOO®

Caged naked, manacled to unyielding restraint devices while the interrogator applies his prods, probes and whips to her most sensitive spots, Tara's relieved when he takes time out to fuck her every hole. More fucking means less torture and she's learned to distract him however she can.

Pepper's slave training grows ever more demanding, from the heavy yoke on her shoulders to the ice cubes and stinging whips applied at Master's whim, as well as the kneeling BJs and anal masturbation he requires. But the vibe-induced gushing orgasms make it all worthwhile.

No modesty for Sophia, tied to a chair with her legs open. Cunt clamps, ball-ended butt hooks and pissing on command may be shameful, but the hard paddle is worse and obedience has its rewards.

Meet these darling damsels in distress, and indulge your other appetites with *Urination Nation*, *Fetish Focus*, *Anal Advisor*, *Sub-Space* and the candid confessions of a female fetish photographer next time in HUSTLER'S TABOO.

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